

Sunday Advertiser

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FULLY PROTECTED WITHOUT MILITIA.

A study of the Revised Statutes and of the Organic Act develops the fact that the Governor has an absolute right to call out the military and naval forces of the United States stationed here, to suppress disorder or violence and that he is the only civil executive of the United States, except the President, who exercises such authority or who may suspend the writ of habeas corpus.

After a thorough re-examination of the law yesterday, Col. McClellan, commander of the United States forces here, stated that, if called upon by Governor Carter to send a force to suppress disorder on a plantation, he would do so at once. It is presumed that the commander of the naval forces would respond in the same way. He would have to order the law.

Hawaii, as we say, is the only Territory of the United States where the Governor may call out Federal troops or seamen without an order from the President. It was given this privilege because of its isolated position, the law having been enacted before the cable was laid. Owing to the vast preponderance of Asiatic laborers here the law has been permitted to stand since the cable came and there is no likelihood, unless the Governor should abuse his power, of the statute being annulled.

The facts so presented should justify in the minds of the Merchants' Association and the planters, the wisdom of the Legislature's course in wiping out the militia. Hawaii has no money to waste and the most rudimentary sense of economy teaches it not to pay for quasi-protection by a militia when the United States pays for absolute protection by the Federal armed forces.

This Territory tried the experiment of supporting Federal lighthouses, but finally gave the task up for lack of funds. Then the Washington people took charge of the lights as they would have done in the first place if they had not found a Territorial Reuben to save them the trouble and pay the bills. But the case of militia support is more to our discredit, for, since the example set by Col. Mills and his Camp McKinley troops at the time of the plague fire, and in plain view of a law which makes our militia utterly superfluous, we have not only spent \$60,000 and more on the maintenance of that body, but we have built armories and planned for others and have been trying, through the Governor, within three days past, to secure \$10,000 from the Legislature to waste on the same object. Meanwhile the school teachers are on short commons and the survey bureau, the business of which is to open up the country to settlers, is menaced with starvation.

The Advertiser cordially congratulates the Legislature on its course toward the militia and hopes that the citizen soldiery will now disband, leaving military matters to the army and politics to the politicians.

If the steamer Campana, in mid-Atlantic, can get into wireless touch with both continents, there may not be so much in the way, after all, of the projected San Francisco-Honolulu service.

The question of whether the Chilean flagship Presidente should go to Japan or Russia has been settled against them both. She went to Mr. Davy Jones, the largest collector of naval ceramics in the business.

Kumalae and Enoch Johnson will adorn the jail much better than they did the Legislature.

BLONDS AND BRUNETTES IN THE TROPICS.

That in selecting troops for tropical service brunettes exclusively should be chosen, is asserted by Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon in the United States Army. In a recently published work entitled "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men," this author expounds the theory that skin pigmentation of man was evolved for the purpose of excluding the dangerous actinic or short rays of light which destroy living protoplasm. This is the reason, he says, why a light skin is fatal to those who live in tropical countries, so that Europeans have failed to colonize there and blonds disappear when they migrate from their northern homes. Says a reviewer in The Army and Navy Register (April 15):

"Major Woodruff's argument is a vigorous attack upon some long-treasured theories of the value and necessity of light; and he shows, to put the case briefly, that animals live in darkness, as a rule, and that man best thrives out of the light. 'We are,' he says, 'the only people who have gone daft on the subject of admitting streams of powerful light into schoolrooms and nurseries—far more than is necessary to see well. We are apt to seat the children so that the light glares right into their faces, and then we wonder why they develop sore eyes. We are now daft on the subject of letting the light stream into the living rooms and, consequently, suffer from all kinds of nervous effects wholly unknown to our ancestors, who were so careful to keep the blinds closed and the houses darkened. It is the duty of the pediatricists to find out how much of the curious modern nervousness of children is due to excessive stimulation of the 'light baths' of the nursery, perambulator, or schoolroom. They will find why so many children come home from school daily with a headache and an attack of 'nerves.'"

According to Major Woodruff, acclimatizing in the tropics is impossible for the white man, and he gives, in his final chapter, for the benefit of those living there, directions as to dress, diet, etc. As to American soldiers in the Philippines he says that no examinations should be held in the tropics on account of the general partial loss of memory; that at some places in the Philippines (Cavite is one) the extreme limit of safety as a period of duty is twelve months or less; that, in selecting troops for tropical service exclusively, it would be best to limit them to the brunettes, and preferably those of short stature; and that, even with such precautions, most of the civil officers we send to the Philippines will be rendered unfit for labor afterward, and a pension ought to be provided for them.

A CINEMATOGRAPH MARTYR

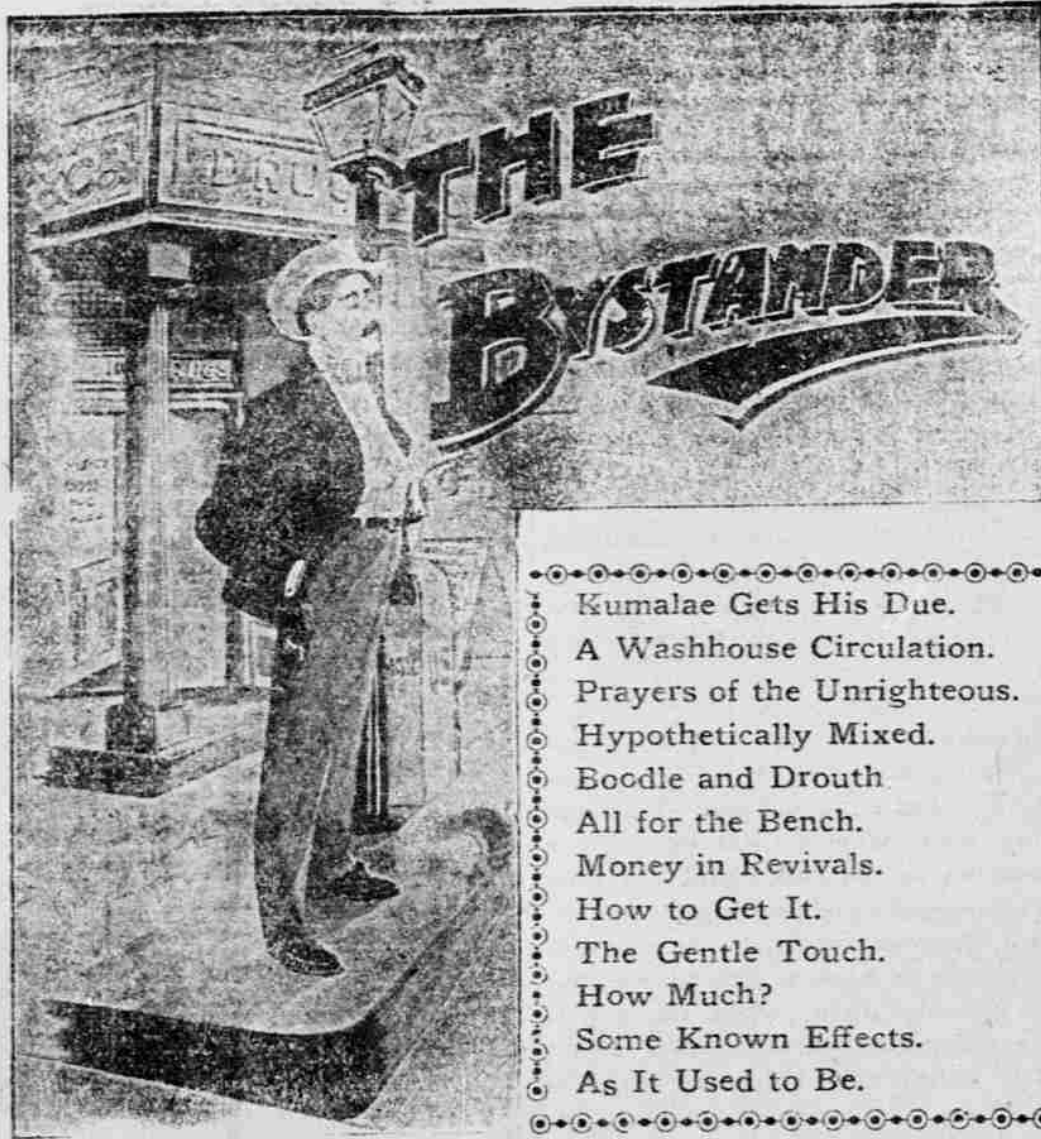
How a cinematograph picture of a "Christian captive" torn to pieces to make "a Roman holiday" is made, is explained by a Paris correspondent of the London Mail.

In the corner of the arranged arena an overturned chariot lay, while the cardboard horses which had drawn it beat the air with their hoofs. A dead warrior lay near by, and helmets, swords and other articles which had figured in the deadly fray were scattered over the ground.

On the imperial tribune, Nero, with a silver wreath encircling his brow, sat among his favorites. When the operator was ready to begin, three bare-headed and barelegged slaves came on the scene, rolled away a chariot wheel, and carried out the dead Roman. Then Nero raised his hand, and immediately a procession of slaves and soldiers filed into the arena.

The slaves were scantily attired, and wore sandals. The soldiers were clad in chain armor, and were equipped with shields, leg-guards, and helmets. In the center walked a noble-looking white "captive," and as the rear guard passed, the correspondent noticed a copy of the Latin sticking out of one of the soldier's pockets. When the procession had passed once around the arena it drew up in front of the imperial tribune and the slaves and the noble captives knelt before Nero shouting, "We who are about to die, salute thee."

Then two guards sprang forward, seized the captive, dragged him, resisting, to the stake in the center of the arena, and securely bound him to it. The cinematograph stopped clicking. The captive was released and replaced by a dummy figure, to which were attached several pieces of meat freshly dipped in blood. Nero nodded once more, and Julianus, a well-known lion-tamer, clad like gladiator, entered the arena. He was quickly followed by four live lions, which roamed about the place in search of a victim. Suddenly one of them sighted the "Christian" bound to the stake. With a growl the beast rushed upon him and tore him limb from limb. And all this time the cinematograph had been working off its films.



Kumalae Gets His Due.
A Washhouse Circulation.
Prayers of the Unrighteous.
Hypothetically Mixed.
Boodle and Drouth
All for the Bench.
Money in Revivals.
How to Get It.
The Gentle Touch.
How Much?
Some Known Effects.
As It Used to Be.

Convicted of conspiracy to commit gross cheat, the Bulletin's friend Kumalae goes to jail and the high hopes of the political party of which he was executive chairman, or something of the kind, are thereby chilled. Not that it is against a man in Home Rule circles to go to jail. Many of the most eminent Home Rulers have been sent there or ought to have been or expect to be, but Kumalae was depended upon, at this particular juncture, to make a shady deal with the Democrats. And so he will be missed by those who are not quite so adept as he in such transactions. As for Kumalae himself, I have long believed that one of Warden Bourke's tiger lily suits would best set off his peculiar type of beauty and I trust the chance will be given him to wear it in public. Let the suit have pockets so that the ex-Representative will be sure to let those of the other prisoners alone. Not wishing to be vindictive, I trust that Kumalae, during the months of his incarceration, will at least be permitted to console himself for the loss of high station by reading the testimonials he has from the Republican Territorial Committee and the warm eulogiums of the Bulletin.

Speaking of the Bulletin reminds me that it is still keeping up its holy show of a circulation affidavit. This amusing humbug began when there were 3000 soldiers and sailors in town for a week, buying papers. Naturally the street sales of all the dailies increased. But the funny thing about the affidavit is that it kept right on at practically the same figures after the warship and transports had gone, indicating either that the soldiers had made no difference at all in the normal sales or that their boost was taken up by the public afterward, which hadn't before appreciated the Bulletin, and held firmly in a new place. However, it isn't necessary to speculate, because a sudden drop in the price of old papers not long ago, indicated that an office other than that of the Star or the Advertiser was overstocked. The Chinese, it should be explained, buy old exchanges and left-over papers at a certain standard price; but of late these customers have all gone to the Bulletin office explaining that they could get good, clean papers there at less than half the old figure. "Plenty paper now," said one Bulletin customer. Evidently the greater part of the Bulletin's advertised circulation can be found, by inquiring subscribers, in the Chinese wash houses. As the circulation goes up in the affidavit, prices fall in the old paper department and times are good for the Celestials.

Some diverting things happen in the revival meetings. The other night Dr. Ostrom asked all who had friends they wished prayed for to raise their hands. They tell me that Senator Dickey's hand went up and when his turn came he said he wanted prayers for Senator McCandless. Frank McIntyre made a similar request for Frank Hustace. George Davis, who is a regular attendant, is expected to ask spiritual aid for Humphreys and Magoon.

"Dooney" Hartman, though a layman, is always interested in criminal procedure and is something of a sea-lawyer himself. He has been taking a great interest in a murder case which has been tried in Judge De Bolt's court recently.

"How's the case getting along, Dooney?" asked a friend the other day. "Well, I don't know," he said; "It's pretty hard to say what they will do now that the defense is asking all those hypodermic questions."

Representative Coelho had a \$5 gold piece. Where he got it does not matter, but he had it, and he was reckless enough to drop it on the floor of the House right beside a thin reporter who sits at the Press table. The thin reporter made a grab for the coin and a fat reporter put his foot on it. Coelho made a frantic dive under the table and thereby made a noise which brought a baneful glare into Speaker Knudsen's mild blue eye.

"Order!" he said. "We must have order! This is not a bar-room!" "That's so," said the fat reporter to the thin one. "This isn't a bar-room; I never knew a bar-room that was as dry as this House of Representatives."

But the Speaker didn't hear it.

They are at their old tricks as respects the county law suit. Yesterday Alex Robertson entered the case as if in pursuance of a carefully-thought-out scheme to impress Justice Wilder. Then again when counsel are attacking the law nobody in particular enters the court room; but the minute counsel for the defense are heard the court room fills up with politicians who want the full bench to regard them as the "voice of the people." Jared Smith ought to look around, in his bug investigations, for some parasite which will do the business for a humbug.

There is a great deal of money in the revival business and this has led to its organization on exact commercial lines. Formerly a good man, whose tongue had been touched by divine fire, went about between camp meetings and churches, stirring up emotion, helping folks and expecting his reward in heaven. But the business spirit of the age, which penetrates everything, has reached the revivalists, among whom there is perfect faith in the text that the "laborer is worthy of his hire" and perfect obedience to the implied command to be "vigilant in business, serving the Lord." In these days the lone revivalist is seen no more. Instead, there are bureaus which cut out plans of campaign among rich city churches—leaving the poor sinners in the byways to the Salvation Army—hire the opera's high-priced vocalists and equip preachers of persuasive tongue, sending the aggregation out to see what it can do. I don't mean even to insinuate that the object of it all is mercenary or mainly mercenary, but I do believe that there is vastly more money in this form of "reaching the multitude" than there is in a stated pastorate and that the money is as much appreciated by those who get it as it was by the family of the village clergyman who, as his boy said, when asked whether his father meant to accept a call from a rich city church, "Well, Pa is still praying for light, but Ma is packing the trunks."

The easiest way in this world to get money from a crowd is, first, not to ask for any stated sum. You must be like the fellow who does a good day's work and then says, when asked what his price is, "Oh, anything you please; I leave it all to your good will." We are apt to overpay such a man to prove the extent of our good will, even if we never hire him again. It is in this way that the modern evangelist always approaches the money question, except that he does it by proxy. For some days or weeks he works with tremendous zeal, gathering crowds, reaching down into their hearts, arousing the hope of seeing one's loved and resurrected dead in some celestial country, plying the people with music and eloquence until their emotions break through the crust of worldliness and they become like clay in the potter's hands. Not a word is said about anything so gross as money. But by and by, when every heart is softened and the idolatry which lies latent in every soul is poured out at the feet of the revivalist, the psychological moment comes. Then the stated pastor,

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COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

Business in general is dull, but a reaction for the better has taken place in the sugar market. After remaining at 4.3125c. lb. (\$86.25 ton) for several days, the price of cane sugar at New York has advanced to 4.3675c. lb. (\$87.35 ton). An increase of \$1.10 a ton, the market not fluctuating, within the past three days is cheering. There is every reason, outside of the old saying that all signs fail in dry time, for expecting that the rise should continue until five-cent sugar is again reached. It can hardly be otherwise and the expectation is cherished on both sides of the Atlantic. Willett & Gray's latest report shows a net deficiency in the world's visible supply of 496,997 tons as compared with the same time last year. Europe accounts for more than that deficiency, its shortage being 676,000 tons. The same authority has it that speculation in Europe has about reached the limit, with failures among speculators being rumored. Dr. John Grace of Hilo, who has just returned home, reports that he found in Europe a general belief that sugar would be again at five cents about midsummer. On the local exchange the only stock that has moved in considerable amount for the week has been Ewa, and that at a uniform price one dollar below the lowest of the previous week. Pioneer and Waiialua, though also declined, have not sold largely. Other stocks are generally held without change. That bonds are still more in demand than supply is indicated by Territory 4's commanding a premium. The sales for the week listed by the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange have been as follows:

THE WEEK'S TRANSACTIONS.

Waiialua (\$100), 15 at \$59, 15 at \$60, 22 at \$58; Oloa (\$20), 10, 15 at \$5.25; Ewa (\$20), 240, 100, 50, 5, 22, 5, 73 at \$27.50; Oolaka (\$20), 20 at \$7.50; Pioneer (\$100), 5 at \$150, 5 at \$154, 5, 20 at \$152.50; Oahu (\$100), 5 at \$118.50; Hawaiian Sugar (\$20), 30 at \$35; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 50 at \$75; Kihel (\$50), 5, 10 at \$11; McBryde (\$20), 100, 101 at \$7.50; Territory of Hawaii 4 per cent bonds, \$1000, \$6000 at 100.25; Waiialua 6's, \$5000, \$6000, \$4000 at 101.50.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 26.—H. C. & S. Co., \$83; Honokaa, \$18.50 bid, \$19.25 asked; Makaweli (Haw. Sugar), \$37.75; Onomea, \$37.50.

REAL ESTATE, ETC.

Fisher, Ables Co., Ltd., yesterday sold at auction the Stratemeyer property Makiki, J. W. Young being the purchaser at \$2300. On Monday (tomorrow) the same firm will sell the Peck property in Vineyard street, together with 100 shares of Hustace, Peck Co., Ltd. On June 12 they will sell the Hawaiian Hotel Annex, one of the leading Waikiki beach resorts, and there is much inquiry amongst hotel-keeping people about the event. The same day, Fisher, Ables Co. will sell the homestead of James Carty in the Palolo tract, close to the Waiialua electric car line, also the leasehold of the American Starles premises at Merchant and Richards streets. For situation the Carty residence is one of the most desirable in the Waiialua suburbs. There is a comfortable house on the premises amidst well-cultivated trees and shrubbery.

At Jas. F. Morgan's salesroom yesterday no bid was obtained for the Lovelin property on Tantalus, but an inquirer after it went up with Mr. Steven in the afternoon to inspect the premises. On June 1 at Morgan's will be offered a leasehold of Bishop estate land containing 2800 acres in North Kona, with protection to sub-tenants desirous of remaining on the land to the limit of two acres each. At the same place on June 3 property in Honolulu, Kailahi and Waikiki covered by the Puahi-Crehere mortgage will be sold. This sale offers some excellent snags.

The Territorial Hotel Co. has been organized, under the presidency of Alexander Young, to take over the Moana Hotel. Deeds are recorded indicating an exchange by Florence Harlan and husband of property at Wilder avenue and Makiki streets at \$4700 with Harry N. Denison and wife for property at College Hills at \$3000. The City Meat Co., with capital of \$1000, has been incorporated by Chinese capitalists.

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SMALL TALKS

BY SOL. N. SHERIDAN.

"It would be a long chance to adjourn before the Governor has acted upon the appropriation bills," said Representative Carl Smith of Hilo. "There is but one precedent in American history of an executive signing appropriation bills after the legislative body had adjourned. Abraham Lincoln did it. Pretty good example, to be sure, but the matter was never contested."

"I got out of my depth once. Now, I'm going back to a trade I know something about."

Saying this, a short, stout, fairly good-looking man leaped into the seat of a spring wagon and went rattling off up King street.

"That?" said Fred Waterhouse, who was standing near by, in response to an inquiry. That's Quinn the plumber."

And for nearly three months he has been "the Hon. Mr. Quinn of the Fourth District."

"They make the rule that all candidates must pledge themselves in the convention to read Henry Vida and myself out of the Republican party," complained Senator Achi. "All right! The Home Rule ranks are open. We will see what's what."

Senator Achi says now that he was joking when he said that, but, in fact, party ties bind but lightly in Hawaii—with less holding force, I think, than anywhere else in the Union. Men, the mass of men, are neither Republicans nor Democrats from conviction—although the natives are all Home Rulers. They change and veer as the wind changes to their advantage, or their disadvantage. This same Senator Achi, in open Senate, said that it was deemed inadvisable to confirm the Governor's list of election inspectors because, while the men appointed represented the several political parties proportionately now, there was no telling what faith they might profess by the time a general election came around. And nobody seemed shocked or ashamed or surprised. It was accepted as a mere matter of course statement of a natural condition. Only leading partisans, like Colonel Iauken, for example, seem to be held permanently to account for their partisanship. And it would not surprise anybody who knows Hawaii the least bit to see Curtis go back to Washington in October as the private secretary of Kuhio, whose seat as Delegate he is contesting.

"So," said Mr. Achi,

"What's the use? As for me

"They've read me right out of the party;

"Very well, let it go.

"There are others, I trow—

"I'll join the Home Rulers, my hearty."

The Home Rule leader who is in jail now was a prominent Republican in the last Legislature. There are in the present Legislature Republicans who were Home Rulers two years ago. There are candidates on the Republican county ticket who have run the whole political gamut in the short time that Hawaii has been a Territory. And who will run it again, maybe a dozen times, before their political lives end. Political faith! That is not a forgotten thing here. It is simply a thing that has never been. The Hawaiian Republican cannot tell you why he is a Republican, nor can the Hawaiian Democrat tell you why he is a Democrat. Ten chances to one he doesn't know the difference—and would not care, if he did. But he is true to the one principle of Home Rule, away down in his heart.

"Why, no?" remarked Governor Carter, thoughtfully. "I think that is a mistake. For I am not going into politics. Not so as you could notice it."

The Governor, you see, knows when to play.

In politics, the surest indication

Of sanity, is knowledge when to stay,

And when to let your foeman have his way—

The Governor don't need a vindication.

Anyway, Clarence Crabbe has shown his possession of the family characteristic. Nobody could have side-stepped a nomination more neatly.

"What business you got to say I am out of politics," complained Bernard

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